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Judge

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COLUMBIA'S PLEA.

"Woodman, spare that Tree;
Touch not a single bough.
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll **PROTECT** it now!"

Judge

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM.
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor.*

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GREAT IS HILL, and Croker is his prophet.

* * *

VAN ALEN winks mostly with his glass eye.

* * *

THE CUP THAT CHEERS—That won by the Vigilant.

* * *

THE DEMOCRACY are about to be hoist by their own Maynard.

* * *

JUSTICE IS SLOW. It may be for Weeks, and it must be for Maynard.

* * *

THE DELAY of congress is the distress of the nation, and possibly its ruin.

* * *

THERE OUGHT to be a foreign mission for Ward McAllister, don't y' know.

* * *

THE RICE WEEVIL imported to Chicago may be said to be an unmitigated weevil.

* * *

PUT NEW YORK where she can do the most good for the country in the national contest of 1896.

* * *

OF THE APPLE at Saratoga the Cleveland men got the core. It was at first thought that there wouldn't be any.

* * *

THE NOISE involved in the bombardment of Rio was almost as great a success as the skill of the gunners in avoiding damages.

* * *

"BIFF" ELLISON, who slugs old men, is continually presenting his claims as a gentleman. We have noticed this peculiarity in most prize-fighters.

* * *

"ABOLISH PROPERTY," says Emma Goldman, "and there will be no stealing." Let us go a step further. Abolish the world and there will be no one to steal.

* * *

THE LIFE of George W. Childs brings blessings to the living and justice to the deserving dead. The monument to Richard A. Proctor is equally an honor to the man who pays for it.

* * *

OSCAR WILDE says his nerves tingle when he passes a butcher-shop, and thinks the dreadful thing ought to be kept underground. Perhaps that is the reason he doesn't visit the pork city to see the world's fair.

* * *

KATE FIELD cannot understand the morality that drives Mr. Corbett out of the world's fair and leaves the Oriental dancers there; and really the deeper you get into that question the less chance you have of getting out of it.

NO LOOPHOLE.

JEALOUS JACKSON (*loftily*)—"I see by de comp'ny yo' keeps, Miss Snowdrop, dat I mus' cut yo'ah 'quaintance."

JOHNSON BLADES—"Ef yo' means de lady, sah, 'polergise immejitly. Ef yo' means me, niggah, draw yo' steel—draw yo' steel, man!"

ISAAC'S HANDICAP.

MR. MAYNARD has the support of the *Sun*, and of no other great Democratic daily in this city. The *Sun* always was eccentric, and it possibly supports Maynard as it did Butler in the national contest of 1884. No Cleveland man voted for Butler, and probably no Cleveland man will vote for Maynard.

THE DEMOCRATIC GAG.

A DELEGATE at Saratoga protested against the nomination of Maynard, whereupon there were cries of "Shut up!" "Put him out!" "This is a Democratic convention!" We are to suppose, then, that Democracy means anything but free speech, and that the law of the leaders is the gag of the delegate. The boss rules with an iron hand and a brass muzzle.

A BAD MAN.

THERE WILL BE no vote for Maynard by any member of the state bar association. Reputable lawyers will feel it incumbent on them to rebuke the dishonesty the association condemned. And surely no citizen who respects our elective system as the foundation of the government of the state will cast his ballot for the man who has done his utmost to break it down.

NO KING HERE.

THE PROPOSITION that Mr. Cleveland might resign if the senate did not act under his dictation is rather suggestive. However wrong the senate may be, it is composed of a considerable number of men, and they have as good a right to their independence as Mr. Cleveland has to his. This country does not need a dictator, and when it gets one it will cease to be a republic.

CLEVELAND LUCK.

HAVING GIVEN Mr. Cleveland the arctic protuberance, there is nobody left for the *Evening Post* to praise. It stands alone, a white and shining light, worshiping itself and lonesome in its solemn glory. Emperors, queens and presidents, organizations and nations suffer every day from its majestic condemnation, and no soothing thought or word comes from its imperial magnificence. But it is a good thing for Mr. Cleveland.

ELECT THAT TICKET!

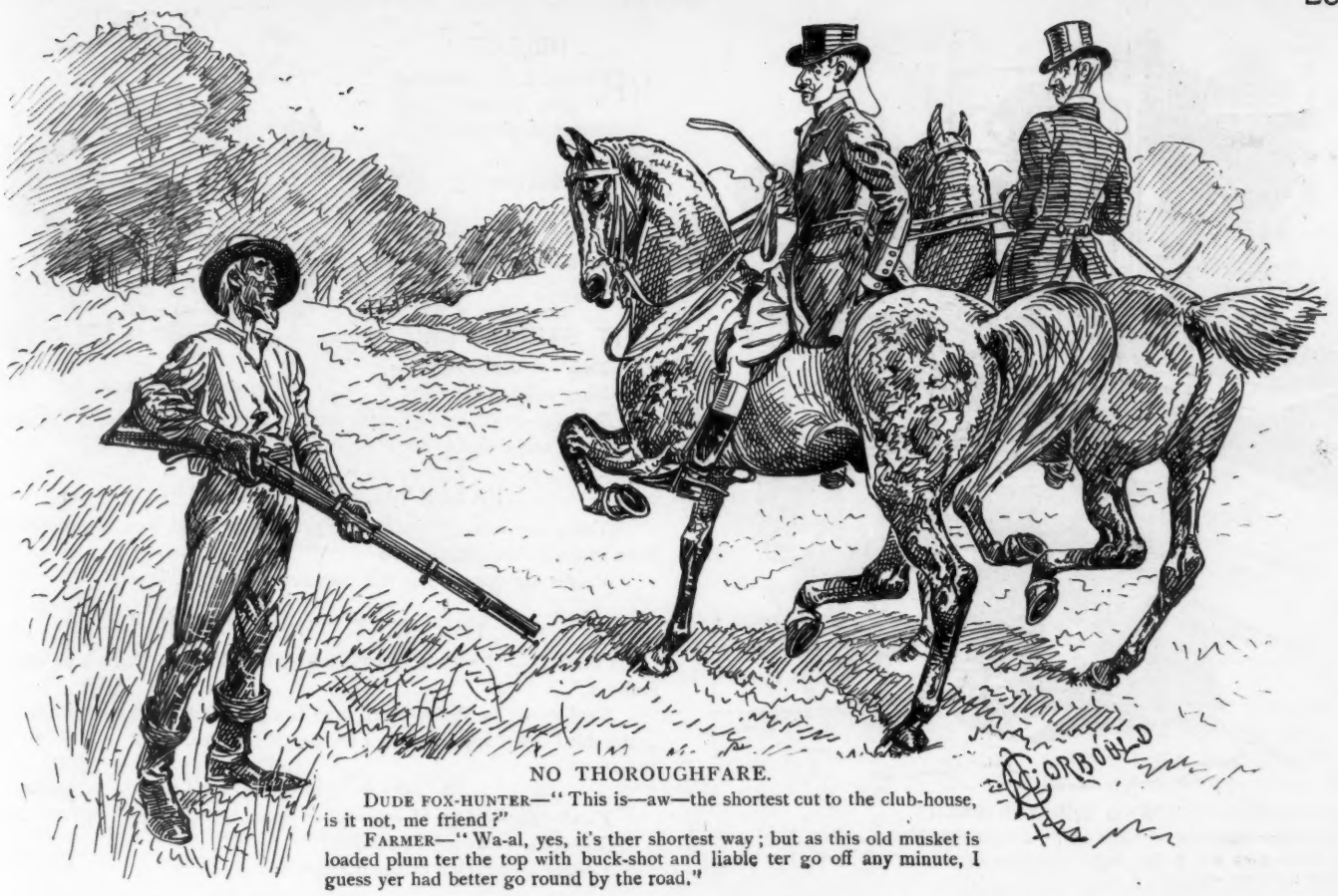
THE TICKET nominated at Syracuse ought to be elected. This state belongs in the Republican column, and the moral effect of a rebuke at the polls of the national Democratic success that has wrought such financial depression would be very great. The ticket has not a weak man on it. There is not one whose record is not as white as Maynard's is black. Let New York lead in the redemption of the country from Democratic rule.

BREAD IS INSPIRATION.

MR. HOWELLS says authors and artists ought to give away their productions and get their living from labor of another kind. That is kind, and would fit nicely into a pastoral situation; but necessity as well as pride produces books and pictures, and without it there would be very few of them. Again, in most cases cost makes value, and this world will never be sufficiently advanced to thoroughly appreciate that which it can have for nothing.

WOMEN ON THE BANNERS.

IN TWO COUNTIES in this state women have been nominated for school commissioner. The JUDGE hopes that women will not get office to any great extent. There are few official positions to which they are adapted. The spectacle of a woman judge or a woman sheriff would not be pleasant, and most women are more given to impulse and emotion than to strict and impartial justice. But the office of school commissioner could be as well filled by an educated and sensible woman as by a man of that kind—provided, of course, that she is without a family needing her care and attention more.



NO THOROUGHFARE.

DUDE FOX-HUNTER—"This is—aw—the shortest cut to the club-house, is it not, me friend?"

FARMER—"Wa-al, yes, it's ther shortest way; but as this old musket is loaded plum ter the top with buck-shot and liable ter go off any minute, I guess yer had better go round by the road."

HIS QUESTION ANSWERED.

"ARE receiverships entitled to be classed as marine craft?" asked Snickers.

"No," replied Spatts. "They come under the designation of submarine craft. They relate to concerns which have gone under."

AT A LOSS.

Tom—"What are you doing with so many dictionaries?"

Dick (plaintively)—"I'm trying to find words to tell Helen of my love."

PORTUGUESE PROVERB.

GOD gives nuts to those who have no teeth.

NOT TO BE OUTDONE.

Gracie—"My mamma paints her face. Does yours?"

Gertie (who has seen the world's-fair Indians)—"Indeed she does; red and blue and green and all colors."

TOO FOND OF IT.

She—"Are you fond of music?"

He—"I have been discharged from a church-choir for getting a hymn mixed up with 'After the ball.'"

NOT WITHOUT CONSOLATION.

"DID you go up in the Ferris wheel when you were in Chicago?"

"No; but (brightening) I wear one of Mr. Ferris's waists."

CIRCUMVENTING A BORROWER.

Spatts—"Why did you ask Mullins to lend you ten dollars just after you overheard him asking Snodgrass for that amount and failing to get it?"

Bloobumper—"That's just the reason I asked Mullins. If I hadn't he'd have been to me next, trying to borrow."

EDITOR CHICAGO "MORNING SCREECH"—"You want a situation as reporter, eh? Very well, sir. Can you go to work at once? Yes? I have an assignment for you now. Go out and buy a rhinestone pin and a ring, and then——

THAT'S WHAT SHE'S HERE FOR.

"A FRIEND who heard Mrs. Lease of Kansas speak the other night said it reminded him of a sewing-circle."

"How so?"

"Why, she talked all at once."

CORN À LA COB.

Lord Darnall (at Chicago-hotel table)—"As I was observing, Headlay, the American women are the most bewitching"——

Lord Headlay—"Excuse me, dear boy. It is impossible for me to attend to you until I have seen that fascinating little widow opposite unbutton her head from that stick of maize."

——walk up and down South street until Red Kelly or Antonio the Frenchman sand-bags you; then make out you are dead and they will drag you into a dive, strip you of your jewelry and clothes and throw you down a trap-door into a sewer; then——

—— you want to swim down the sewer about two miles until you come to the lake, then get ashore, come directly to this office and write up three columns for to-morrow morning's——

REPORTORIAL.

——issue!"

AND HE WAS RIGHT.

SLICKEY SIMPSON — "My, ef dis ain't nice! Not er soul in de house, an' t'ree lubly pies an' a big ham. Slickey, ol' boy, you's goin' ter have de greatest time yer eber had in all yer life."

SENTENCES PASSED BY THE JUDGE.

ONE must lose something in order to gain much.

It is a disappointing road that ends in a back-turning.

Service done by favor must be accepted without criticism or choice.

An irreparable evil of wrong-doing is the loss of the active and delicate sense of right.

Points of weakness are quite as efficient in drawing people together as points of strength.

A difference in tastes makes it possible for men to live together in one united and harmonious brotherhood.

Society might count upon considerable comfort and security from the present expenditure of force if the assiduity of the law were not so often misplaced.

When Nature planned to form the embryonic into the perfect soul she knew the wisdom of making death her agent and basing her reforms upon forgetfulness.

KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

BETTER STILL.

HELLO!

"REALLY," remarked Mrs. Brown-Jones, "telephone people are awfully polite."

"In what way?" growled Mr. Jones.

"Why, they always return a call as soon as it is made."

THE ROCK OF AGES.

IT STRUCK IN.

Todd—"When did you experience religion?"

Bragley—"When they were reading the returns from my district on the night I was defeated for congress."

PATERNAL AND MATERNAL.

New governess—"You have a grandfather and grandmother living, have you not, Master George?"

Master George—"Yes, but they are not mates."

THE NEXT THING TO IT.

Customer—"I want my beard left as near like Mr. Peffer's as you can make it."

Barber—"Our Peffer-beard man has gone out to lunch, but the man at the third chair can give you a regular Hill shave."

ROYALTY ON BOARD.

Yankee tar—"One of em's fallen down the aft hatch, sir."

Captain—"One of them what?"

Yankee tar—"One of them kings."

TOO ARISTOCRATIC.

BROTHER JEREMIAH (*excitedly*)—"Mr. President, I move dat Brudder 'Rastus be expelled from dis yer club, 'count o' bein' too 'ristocratic. Sence Miss Columbine give him a book on etiket he dun bring a fork to dese meetin's 'stead of a razzer."

FIRST TRIAL OF WIDOW HOMESTEADER'S CATAPULT.

ONE-EYED MUGGINS (*the roaming ranger*)—"Ef yer doan' gimme sunthin' t' eat I'll kick th' hull inside yer bloomin' ranch inter th' river. Seesto?"

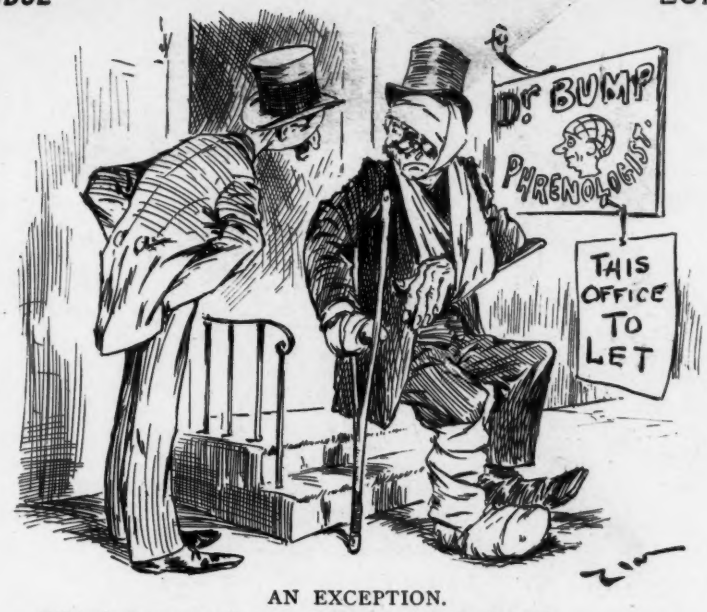
WIDOW HOMESTEADER (*pulling the lever*)—"Oh, I d'no." Swish!—crack!——

——splash!!!

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

BROWN—"What tramp is that you just spoke to?"

JONES—"He isn't a tramp; he's a collector on commission."



AN EXCEPTION.

"What's the matter, doctor? Not going out of business?"

"Yes, I am. Phrenology is no good. A fellow came into my office yesterday who had hollows in his head where pugnacity ought to be, so after a dispute I called him a liar."

TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

THE New York rapid-transit commission met yesterday at three p.m. The venerable chairman rapped for order and said,

"Gentlemen, I have some reason to believe that there is a possibility that rapid transit is now in sight, and"——

Here a wild, demoniac laugh rang through the room and the commissioners started up in fright. The offender was quickly discovered. He was a gray-haired reporter who had attended the meetings of the commission for nearly a quarter of a century. The commissioners knew that his mind had been failing for several years, but he was considered harmless until this outbreak. The chairman warned the reporter against repeating the offense, and continued his remarks.

"There certainly seems to be a possibility that rapid transit is in sight," he said. "I was told yesterday that a gentleman of this city had heard that intimations had been given to another gentleman that certain gentlemen had knowledge of the existence of information concerning a report that certain persons had heard that a syndicate was ready to undertake the construction of an underground road."

"I know that to be true," said Mr. Starin.

"What?" asked Mr. Bushe.

"What the chairman has been saying," replied Mr. Starin angrily.

"Well, I want to know what he has been saying," said Mr. Bushe, "Where is the syndicate?"

"I don't know anything about it except what I have said," explained the chairman. "We must give the syndicate, if there is one, enough time to prepare its plans. In such an important matter as this it is necessary to go slow."

The demoniac laugh rang through the room again and the reporter was put out.

"Let's do something," suggested Mr. Porter.

"Let's adjourn," said Mr. Inman. And they adjourned.

W. L. RIORDON.

THE LAST OBSTACLE REMOVED.

"Name the day fer our marriage, me darlin'. I've jist found er quarter."

"INCOG."

HOTEL-CLERK—"We can't permit such a looking thing as you to register here."

CHEEKY WILLIAM (*in a hoarse whisper*)—"'Sh! I am the duke of Setemup, goin' ter see the world's fair in incognitue."

NOT LIKE BRIDGET.

Wife (away on a trip)—"I don't believe Bridget wrote that letter that I received this morning."

Husband—"Why, it tells you all about everything at home."

Wife—"Yes, I know; but it's signed 'Your obedient servant.'"

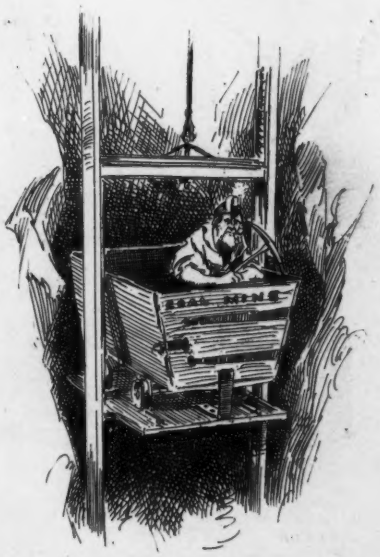
A LITTLE MIXED.

THE sermon had just been started,
And not wishing to be rude
He asked in a whisper, softly,
"Is this pie occupewed?"

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

"THEY say a giraffe sells for five thousand dollars."

"That's a good deal of money for a giraffe. How much is that a yard on the average?"



"GETTING DOWN TO HARD WORK."

A STIMULATING REMEDY.

FIRST TRAMP—"Dis yer walkin' ter git straightened up when yer feels rocky is tough. Remedies is allers wuss dan de diseases."

SECOND TRAMP—"Yes, 'ceptin' in snake-bites."

HIS DISCOVERY; OR, WHAT HE FOUND.

A SHORT STORY BY MISS ETHEL M'MANUS.

TWILIGHT was falling. Herbert McSwazzle stepped upon the porch and got out from under. Marguerita Tubbins was there to greet him, but he seemed not to realize her presence. It was soon evident that he was doing it on purpose.

"Oh, speak to me!" she cried.

"No," he answered resolutely; "I shall not. From this time forth you shall hear me keeping silence."

"Oh, ciel! what have I done to deserve this?"

"What have you done?" he repeated scornfully. "What have you not done?"

"Many things."

"I cannot believe it."

"Yet you trusted me once."

"I did; but now there is perfidy in your face."

"No, no! Whatever else I may have done I have never used that or anything else. My complexion is my own."

He laughed hoarsely; so hoarsely that she pitied him and handed him a cough-drop.

"A RUN ON THE BANK."

"It is well that I discovered this before our marriage," he muttered with clinched teeth.

"Discovered what?" she asked with visible emotion; for she was easily moved, was Marguerita Tubbins—so easily moved that she had long since ceased to trust herself on roller-skates. After a minute's emotion she repeated the question in another form. "What have you discovered?"

"That you receive the attentions of another man."

"'Tis false!"

"I saw you driving with him last Wednesday night."

"You—saw—me—last—Wednesday—night?" she faltered. "And this is why you refuse to speak to me?"

"It is."

"I can explain all. You are mistaken."

"Perhaps I am," he answered haughtily, "and perhapser I am not."

"It was my aunt whom you saw."

"Go to; go to!"

"I will not!" she cried indignantly; "not till you have heard me through. You have blundered upon our family's secret. My aunt is"——

"Well?"

"A bearded lady."

She hung her head and blushed deeply. Did she blush because of the painful disclosure she had just made, or because he was showering rapturous kisses on the back of her neck?

Qui sait?

PHIL. JANSEN.

BARRED OUT.

ROSAMOND—"Ob course, Mirabeau, I is deeply sensible ob de honah yo' confer on me by askin' fo' mah han'. Yo' habits am irreproachable, yo' fortune ample, an' yo' fambly 'ristocratic; but, Mirabeau, de man dat I marry mus' hab mo' dan dat. He mus' hab a l-a-r-g-e b-l-o-n-d-e mustache."

THE WRONG PRESCRIPTION.

THE PHYSICIAN—"Your system is completely run down. What you need is a long vacation, spent in the country."

PATIENT—"Good heavens, doctor! that's just where I have been all summer."

GOING UP HIGHER.

A FORMER resident of New York, returning to the city after several years' absence abroad, was surprised to find that Irishmen were no longer employed in rough out-door manual occupations and that their places had been taken by Italians. He mentioned the circumstance to his coachman one morning and asked him how he accounted for it. With an air of surprise at his master's ignorance he promptly replied,

"Th' demand fer shtatesmen, sor."

IN ROUND NUMBERS.

"GIVE you up," he cried in scorn,
"And marry a richer 'jade'?
Why, dear, there never was born
Than you a wealthier maid.

"You are worth so little, you say,
You mass of dimples and curls:
Why, sweet, you are worth, this day,
A million—of other girls."

MADGE ROBERTSON.

THE CASE OF MR. RICKETTS.

Tiff—"Is Ricketts still postmaster at Quohosh?"

Tuff—"No."

Tiff—"Removed by the new administration, I suppose?"

Tuff—"No."

Tiff—"Indeed? What did he die of?"

A COW-CATCHER.

"WHAD'S de reason yo' doan' saw dis wood eben lengt's? Kain't git it in de stove nohow," said Deacon Randolph the other morning as he tried to get a three-foot log into his two-foot stove.

"Dat ain' my fault; dat's de fault ob de logs. Dere am too many knots in 'em, an' I ain' gwine t' saw froo no knots," replied the heir-apparent testily.

"Yo' ain' gwine t' saw froo no knots, eh?" cried the deacon. "Dat seems t' be de principle p'int in yo' character, t' skip knots. Dat's jes' whad makes yo' so irreg'lar yo'self. I seen yo' look ober a log fo' two hours, tryin' t' fin' an easy place t' commence. P'r'aps ef Geo'ge Washin'ton bin as 'fraid ob knots as yo' am yo' be follerin' de prince ob Wales's fashuns now 'stead ob Berry Wall's! P'r'aps ef Gin'ral Grant bin 'fraid t' tackle knots ole Lee got 'im shuah! P'r'aps ef Gin'ral Sheridan allus bin lookin' fo' easy logs t' saw an' skippin' all de knots yo' nebber know who yo' ole man was! Do yo' s'pose dat ef I was 'fraid ob tough hickory knots I'd ebber married yo' po' ole mudder? Go 'long wiv yo'! Ef yo' mark out dem logs eben lengt's an' den tackle 'em, knots er no knots, den yo' show as much sand as Peter Jackson; but now I see yo' hab less back-bone dan a mud-worm."

A TRAVELING HOSPITAL.

WILLIAM ANN (*on Broadway*)—"That is what is commonly called a grip-car."
UNCLE TREETOP—"And air all them people inside a-sufferin' with it?"

CONVINCING PROOF.

Magistrate—"You say your wife left home last week and has not returned?"

Disconsolate husband—"That's the fact, your honor."

Magistrate—"But she may have gone to visit some friend or relative. What makes you think she has eloped with another man?"

Disconsolate husband—"I met him in the street yesterday with a pair of my trousers on."

She—"Do you think, dear, we shall be really and truly happy in our married life?"

He—"How can we help it, darling, when I shall try so hard to be good to you? Why, it was only yesterday that I insured my life for fifty thousand dollars in your favor. Isn't that the best evidence that I am going to make you happy?"

She (doubtfully)—"But suppose you should live?"

TIRED OF THE SUBJECT.

GREEN PERSIMMONS.

Army-surgeon (United States army)—"Here, man alive! take this drink of whisky and see if it won't loosen the puckering-string of your mouth."

Private Maroon—"Thanks, docthor. There's nothin' loike a dhrop o' th' crathur t' limber a man's mout' an' tathe. It's sum beautiful grane plooms Oi've bin atin', an', be th' powers! Oi belave it's th' same fruit frum th' which yez docthors gits alum."

AN ARGUMENT FOR FREE SILVER.

THAT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

Mrs. Fangle—"Mrs. Snodgrass never had hay-fever when I knew her five years ago."

Mrs. Cumso—"But she has become a grass-widow since then."

"TAKE THE MOST VALUABLE."

SECOND BURGLAR—"Don't be crazy, Petey. Let de safe go an' tackle dese slot machines."

GULLIVER BOUND DOWN BY THE DEM

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York

Y THE DEMOCRATIC LILLIPUTIANS.

FACIAL LIKENESS.

1. MRS. O'ROONEY—"Fur th' love of hivin, Moike, but the baby be's goin' out th' windy, shure!"

CRITICISM.

"THAT about describes it, don't you think so?" said the reviewer, reading the following from his criticism of Jarley's book—"The scene between May and Ogilvie—where he urges her to become his secretary—is masterful in its strength. The innate selfishness of the man is revealed and May finds that her idol has feet of clay."

"I don't know," said the editor. "Did the man really have cold feet?"

HER PIÈCE DE RESISTANCE.

Mr. Fraidover—"I don't dare bring any of the fellows home unexpectedly because I never know what my wife may have for dinner."

Mr. Bravitout—"Oh, I always know what *my* wife will have, because in a case of that sort she invariably has the same thing."

Mr. Fraidover (interestedly)—"And what is that?"

Mr. Bravitout—"A fit."

MONEY OUT OF THE QUESTION.

Burglar—"Your money or your life!"

Victim—"Certainly. Take a seat while I make my will."

AFFECTION'S OFFERING.

MISS SADIE GREEN, on leaving her home in the south to spend a winter north, gets various friends to write in her autograph-album. The following extracts she kindly allows to be taken from it for the benefit of that large class who don't know what to write when suddenly asked for their autograph and a sentiment:

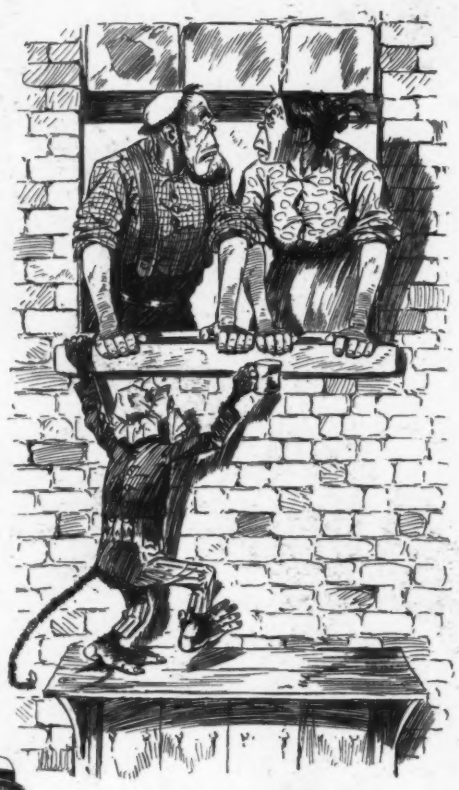
"Best wishes of Isiah Alston is that I hope that your enjoyments in life may be great no thorns nor Thistles may grow up in your pathway to prevent your enjoyment from taking its course and the beautiful sun may shine there upon."

"Hope you a good and happy life a success in selecting your wedding one may you love him and he you. And I hope you will make a happy cuppel. C. DOBB."

HIS AMBITION.

DENTIST—"Well, my little man, what can I do for you?"

SMALL BOY—"Please, sir, I want you to pull a front tooth so's I can spit like Jimmy Peters."



2. !!!!!

"Cling to wurchure and alway remember your friends. there is some things we cannot remember we cannot remember the day we war bornd and we cannot remember the day we war beried. explane your wisdom among wis people and they will hear to you.

"yours truly

"ELDER JONES."

"My dear girl how gravely I look upon the preshious Charge I now possest and oh; had I the gift of Eloquent to Conquere your Passionated love I would be the happiest man on Earth. this prognosticates my admiration for you. Your truly friend—

"B. D. H-O-P-K-I-N-S."

"May the bright sunshine of eternal bliss be shedding its beams along the line of your life in such away that all roots of everlasting sorrows and evil temptations will be stamped upon the walls of oblivion where they will never rise to darken your path of directitude. Let copious showers of blessings rain down in torrents upon you.

'ROTE BY A FRIEND.'"

NEW NAME FOR IT.

Miss Beaconstreet—"Are you fond of Milton?"

Miss Silverton (of Denver)—"I have never read much of him; but I believe 'Paradise Lost' is considered the greatest epidemic ever written."

POSITIVE PROOF.

CYNICUS—"Brown must be dead in love with Miss Smith."

WYNICUS—"What makes you think so?"

CYNICUS—"Don't you see how he is killing himself over the jokes of that ass of a freshman brother of hers?"

HE WAS TIRED.

Mortimer—"The playing of that young lady at the piano is really wonderful, isn't it?"

Fatigue—"Yes, but not half so wonderful as when she begun, she was so much younger."

HIS VOCATION.

She—"Weren't you surprised that Wildrake should make a surgeon?"

He—"Not in the least. I can't remember when he wasn't given to cutting up."

ON HIS LAST LEGS.

THE ABSENTEE.

We sent him to congress with a hurrah and a shout,
And all the voters helped him in to help the party out.
We knew he was a colonel, and a general he would be;
But now, alas! he's nothing but an
Ab
Sen
Tee.

But when the war is over and the boys have ceased to roam;
When he bids good-bye to Grover and he heads his mule for home;
When he runs again for office—what a slashin' there will be,
With every single voter as an
Ab
Sen
Tee.
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

A Middletown editor is critically ill as a result of eating toadstools, and we trust the press association of Connecticut will not overlook the offense. A more humiliating impeachment of an honored craft has not been entered since an Indiana editor was mistaken for a woodchuck and filled up to the ears with buckshot. No wonder people are doing more thinking for themselves.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Take Bromo-Seltzer for insomnia
Before retiring—Trial bottle, 10 cts.

If at first you don't succeed
Try, try again,
For perseverance overcomes
All things of mortal ken;
And if you do not get the girl
You want, or think you do,
You're safe in betting you will get
The girl that's wanting you.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Miranda—"They say that Gussie Codley really wears stays." *Amanda*—"I don't know anything about that; but I am sure that his stays wear me."—*Brooklyn Life.*

From morn till night you hear the sound
Of housewife's voice and servant's yell;
That same old query going round,
"Say! did you make your jelly jell?"
—*Boston Budget.*

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What's in a name? A great deal of significance, sometimes. Great Britain is having planned four new war-ships which will bear the significant names of Magnificent, Majestic, Powerful and Terrible, and the official announcement is made that they will be worthy of their names. What could a battle-ship, everything else being equal, named, say, Black-eyed Susan do against one of these new English terrors?—*Mail and Express.*

A GOOD CHILD
is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable. Grocers and druggists.

Miss Sakerei is a young Japanese woman educated in America and sent back by the woman's Christian temperance union to abate the drink evil in the insular country. She reported yesterday at a meeting that two insuperable obstacles prevented temperance reform in Japan. The natives have no money to contribute for the work of regeneration, and the Japanese are not addicted to drink.—*Chicago Times.*

The aldermen are out of town,
But 'tis no use to lock it;
For whether they are in or out
The town is out of pocket.
—*Evening World.*

Conductor (giving him a shake)—"Tickets!" *Sleeping suburbanite* (pushing his hand away)—"No, you don't, Maria! If you want that baby walked with you can walk with him yourself. I'm going to get some sleep to-night, by jocks! if I miss fifty trains."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Northern investor—"But they say a negro was lynched here the other day." *Southern real-estate agent*—"A base slander, sir. The rope broke and he got away."—*New York Tribune.*

"Do we know how to eat?" asks an editorial in Mr. Watterson's *Courier-Journal.* We don't know about that, of course, but the fiancé of the star-eyed goddess is generally understood to be accomplished in other ways.—*Boston Globe.*

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NOSHI AND THE MORNING-GLORY.

(*From the Japanese.*)

It was the rosy flush of dawn
In beautiful Japan,
When through the ancient garden-ways
Came little Noshi San,
Her strapped and lacquered wooden shoes
A-clicking as she ran.

She stooped beside the mossy well
Beneath the gnarlèd pine,
And would have drawn, but that she spied
A morning-glory vine
Which in the night the pail had wreathed
In exquisite design.

The dainty thief smiled up at her
With velvet eyes of blue.
Uncertain, little Noshi stood
Debating what to do;
Then sudden raised her empty pail
And to a neighbor flew.

"Gift-water, friends, I crave," she said;
"For in the night a vine
Has seized my bucket, and so fair
Its fragile arms entwine
I could not rudely tear them off.
Pray let me fill with thine."
—*Mary M. Scott in St. Nicholas.*

Why go to Europe for champagne when there is a better article at home? Try *Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne.*

"What makes the men love Mary so?"
The jealous maidens cry.
"Oh, Mary doesn't sing, you know;
And more—she doesn't try."
—*Kansas City Journal.*

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He better loves to talk,
And oft his ways the friends provoke
He meets upon a walk;
For many a match he lights with care,
Then turns his head about
And talks and nods and puffs the air
And lets the match go out.
—*New York Times.*

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There have been hopes that the Indian nations would gradually become assimilated to the methods of American politics, but such expectations are now shown to have been ill-founded. The governor of the Chickasaw nation has refused to accept one thousand dollars in legal fees that had been placed to his credit.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Irving's receipts in San Francisco for two weeks were over sixty-five thousand dollars. Henry can now understand why they call it the Golden gate.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Visitor—"Whose exhibit is that?" *Columbian guard* (obligingly inspecting it)—"Some Russian's, I guess. His name seems to be Handsoff."—*Exchange.*

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PEARS' SOAP?

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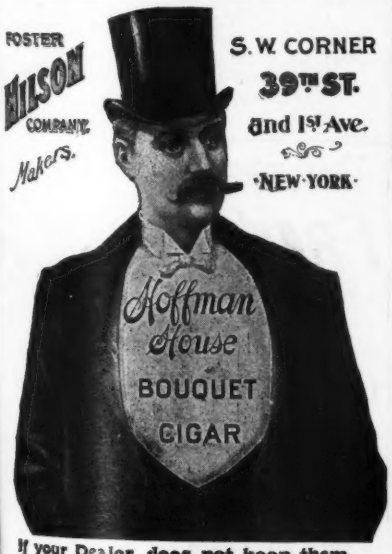

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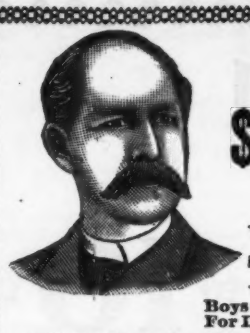

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Each with his tiny lantern aglow.
Down where the bullrush and cat-tails grow
The frogs and the crickets are singing.

Still, still, are hollow and hill;
The flags by the river are swaying
With drowsiest whispers; but round the mill
The swallows are silent. They had their fill
Of romping all day with the wind until
They all grew tired of playing.

Rest, rest, birds in the nest;
Flowers in the meadow are dreaming,
Wee heads nodding on each wee breast;
And one by one the stars in the west
Are softly and quietly sinking to rest,
And the fairies homeward are streaming.

Sleep, sleep, quiet and deep;
Quieter, deeper is sinking
Over the level where white mists creep,
And the sound is so low of the river's sweep
That you almost can hear the willows weep
And the thoughts the daisies are thinking.
—*Charles Buxton Going in Summer Fallow.*

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a solid, concentrated extract, free from fat and gelatine or any foreign substance, and dissolve it themselves.

The genuine has this *J. v. Liebig* signature on the jar *in blue.*

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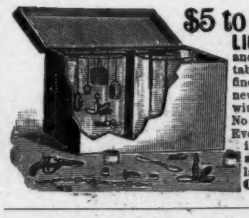
Is Chicago aware that the western New York fair is open here this week?—*Rochester Post Express.*



$5 to $15 per day, at home, selling **LIGHTNING PLATER** and plating jewelry, watches tableware, &c. Plates the finest of jewelry good as new, on all kinds of metal with gold, silver or nickel. No experience. No capital. Every house has goods needing plating. Wholesale to agents $5. Write for circulars. **H. E. DELNO & Co., Columbus, O.**

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions. He is neither hot nor timid.—*Chesterfield.*

EARL & WILSON'S MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS "ARE THE BEST" FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

Success bought with injustice always costs more than it is worth.—*Troy Press.*

Great truths are portions of the soul of man. Great souls are portions of eternity.—*James Russell Lowell.*

Conundrum—What's the difference between a cat and a legal document? Answer—The one has clawses at the end of its pawses; the other has pauses at the end of its clauses.—*Boston Courier.*

JACK'S OLD FISHING-BOAT.

This growin' old wears on poor Jack,
An' 'fore he stops ter think ov it
The "fount ov youth" runs so fur back
He can't git nary drink ov it.
An' 'fore he's laid upon the shelf
He finds they ain't no one afloat
Ov all his mates 'cept jest hisself,
An' mebbe his ol' fishin'-boat.

The dead land-breezes disapp'int
His longin' ter be off an' free.
Jack wants ter git outside the p'int
An' let the islands run a-lee.
He'd like ter let the salt winds beat
Acrost his big brown chist and throat
An' on'y feel beneath his feet
The planks ov his ol' fishin'-boat.

But ef the rheumatiz won't let
Him do no more nur creep an' crawl,
Yuh can't blame Jack ef he likes ter set
Down on the wharf an' tell it all.
He lestens while the nayburs tell
'Bout how they work an' how they vote,
An' when they quit he takes a spell
An' yarns about his fishin'-boat.

Jack often casts his weather eye
Ter harbor, on another shore,
An' gits ter thinkin' with a sigh
It's jest a fadom, nawthin' more.
But when he goes he wants ter be
All wrapped up in his ol' pea-coat
An' sail acrost Death's unknown sea
A-steerin' his ol' fishin'-boat.

—*Frank Walcott Hutt in Gloucester Times.*

Worth a Guinea a Box.

A trifling dose from a 25-cent box of

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Unlike the Dutch Process

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It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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Proprietor—"What in the world is the porter rushing through the halls calling 'Fire, fire!' for?" *Clerk*—"So the guests will forget to grumble about having none in their rooms."—*Inter-Ocean.*

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If the "only ear-rings admissible are the tiniest you can get" why bother at all? Why not let the hole grow up?—*Boston Traveller.*

"Was the play bad?" "Well, I guess it was. Why, even the gas went out at the close of the second act."—*Siftings.*

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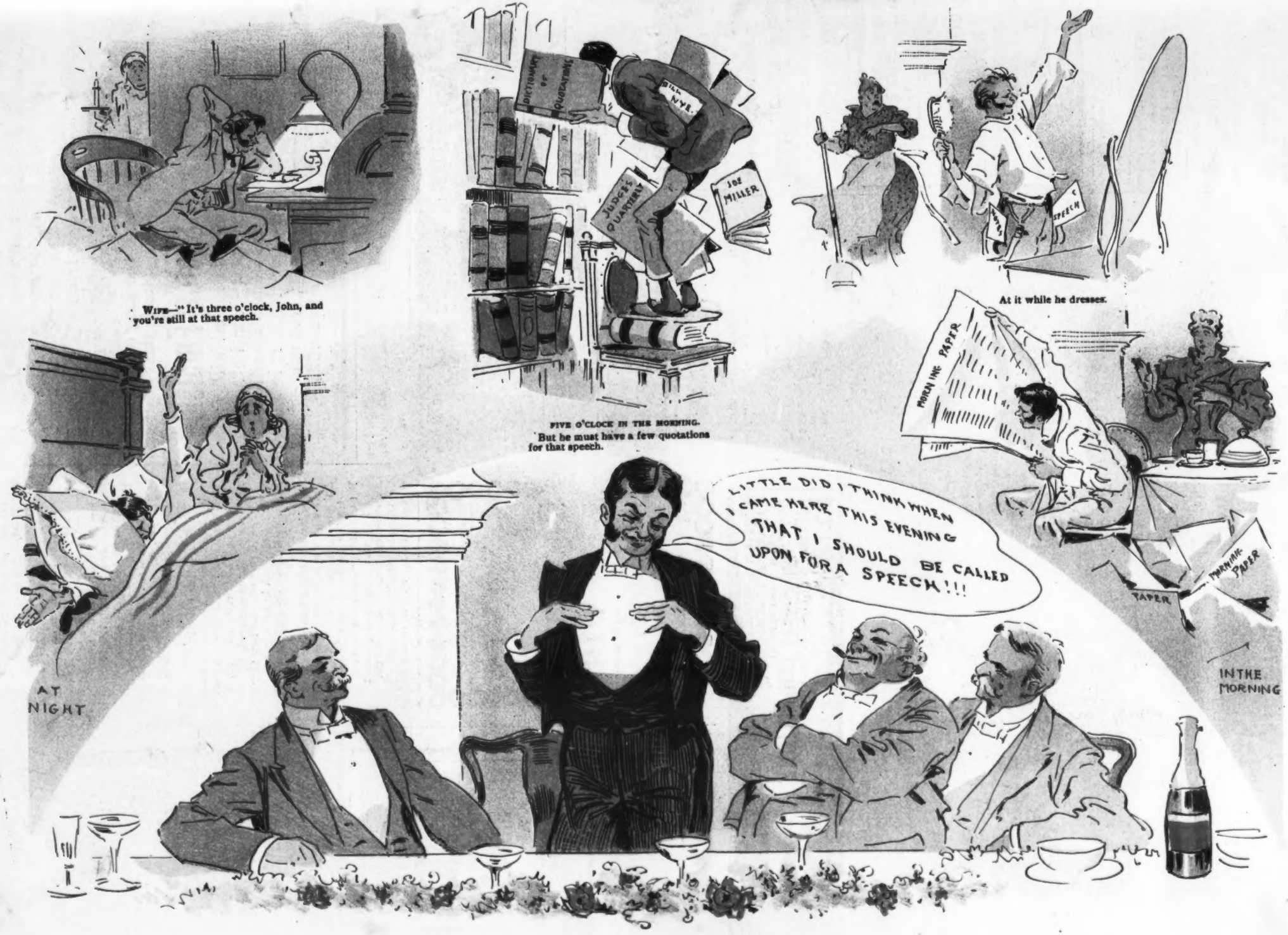
AMUSING THE BABY; OR, CAUSE AND EFFECT.

WIFE—"Good-bye, John. I'll be back in about three hours. Be sure you amuse the baby and keep her quiet while I am gone. I know you'll enjoy having her all to yourself."

MOTHER (*five years after*)—"Yes, Edna, that is your father. When you were three months old I left him well and happy one afternoon—minding you. He was brought here the next day."

PRESS OF FLESS & RIDGE PRINTING CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



WIFE—"It's three o'clock, John, and you're still at that speech.

FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.
But he must have a few quotations for that speech.

At it while he dresses.

THE IMPROMPTU SPEAKER.(?)